

CLIPPING FROM THE EVENING JOURNAL.

Detroit, Saturday, September, 5, 1885.

SITTING BULL IN CAMP.

Interview With One Of General Custer's Murders.

The Great Sioux Chieftain's Early Life -- Horsemanship of Indians -- The Trip Through Canada -- Personal Appearance -- Resemblance to Webster.

After the "Wild West" parade yesterday, the carriage containing Sitting Bull and his bosom companion, Crow Eagle, was driven to Recreation park, in the corner of which the large canvas tepee had been erected. Crow Eagle, as he stood before the entrance, appeared about 5 feet 6 inches high and slight of build, while the notorious chief of the Sioux tribe was about the same stature, though of stronger build. They entered the tepee and both removed their blankets. Sitting Bull wore a common linnen shirt and dark flannel Mexican pantaloons. About his neck was a dark yellow silk handkerchief with a maroon border. The ends were pinned together in front by a gold and very dirty pin. Upon the third finger of his right was a huge cameo ring. Sleeve buttons adorned his waistbands; They were also of gold, and yearned for cleaning.

The Journal representative was introduced to the noted murderer by Mr. Houser, the interpreter. Sitting Bull was then sitting on a blanket on one side of the canvas, his feet curled under him. He simply said "How", shook hands with his visitor and motioned him to a chair. Before him on the blanket was a small hand looking-glass, a big one hair-comb and a number of rawhide cords. He began combing his hair, continually stopping in his operations to gaze at himself in the glass. His glossy black hair reaches to his waist. He divides it in the middle and braids it on each side very tightly. After this has been done the rawhide cords were bound tightly about the braids, the ends suspending down each side of the warrior's chest. After Sitting Bull finished his toilet, Crow

Eagle filled a long wooden pipe with a strong, queerly-flavored tobacco. He lighted it, took a couple of puffs and handed the pipe to Sitting Bull. The great Chieftain slowly put the pipe in his mouth, took a long steady whiff, then discharged the smoke with a strange hissing sound. Two of three puffs were thus taken, when the pipe was handed to another warrior who had entered. The operation was repeated and the pipe returned to Crow Eagle. It went the rounds of the trio again and again; Crow Eagle replenishing the bowl five times with the queer smelling tobacco, which he carried in a long stocking.

Through the interpreter, Mr. Houser, who is a Sioux halfbreed and a ready conversationalist, Sitting Bull spoke as follows: "I am just 50 years of age. My father's name was Jumping Bull and he was chief of the Sioux. When 14 years of age I went on my first warpath against a neighboring tribe. I distinguished myself for my bravery. My father, on my return called me before the tribe and gave me the name of Sitting Bull. He gave away four horses to poor braves when he christened me. My father's name means a very strong man; my own signified that I am a powerful rider. My father died 23 years ago and I became chief of my tribe. My mother died last year in her 70th year. I have 5,000 people in my tribe, with headquarters at Standing Rock agency, Dakota."

When asked about the horsemanship of different bands of Indians, he said: "I have seen many tribes in my day. Of these the Arapahoes and the Nez Perce Indians are the best riders. They sit the firmest upon a pony of any tribe. A remarkable fact is connected with the Nez Perce Indians. This people live to a great age. Nearly all the squaws can ride ponies at 70 years of age, and the warriors even until older. My own people are good horsemen, but cannot ride as long. The Crow tribe are also fine riders.

"I am very much pleased with my trip through the country. I like Canada; the people all treated me well. The sight that interested me most was the capitol at Washington. I was pleased to meet the president, and

have never gone away from the show only to call on him."

When the interpreter put the question to Sitting Bull he always paused a moment or two before answering, invariably mumbling over a few words before he replied. He speaks slowly, and with great deliberation. His tones are quiet and unassuming, though he gesticulated a great deal.

Sitting Bull is one of the finest looking Indians who ever committed murder. His face is large, his forehead very broad and deep lines about the mouth testify to great firmness of character. His face greatly resembles portraits of Daniel Webster save for his small black eyes protruding somewhat from his head. When speaking he keeps his eyes habitually upon the ground, occasionally giving a quick, nervous glance at the person whom he is addressing. He will not talk of the Custer affair.

Yesterday after Mayor Grummond, Clerk Saenger, Dr. Kaiser and the upper house of the common council visited the park and were formally introduced to Buffalo Bill and a rib roast. Maple sticks sharpened at one end were used as forks, and those gentlemen who didn't like beef on Friday wrestled alternately with a keg of Geobel's beer, a barrel of circus lemonade and a crock of pickles. Sitting Bull and "Crow Eagle" were then introduced. The Sioux chieftain tussled with a dignified demeanor and a big cigar during the presentation. Then Mayor Grummond tickled the vanity of Sitting Bull in a short address in "Lo, the poor Injun!" style. Senator Palmer and Secretary Conant arrived later, and were also presented to the chieftain, who says he never did a bad thing in his life. The exhibition began promptly at 3 o'clock. It was similar to previous entertainments given by the combination here last spring, and was witnessed by an immense crowd of highly delighted spectators.

CLIPPING FROM THE SAGINAW EVENING NEWS

Tuesday, September 8, 1885.

SITTING BULL

A Chat With the Old Warrior -- His Version of the Custer Massacre -- The President's Policy in Treatment of the Indians and Other Topics.

After the Buffalo Bill entertainment was over yesterday afternoon a News reporter sought the lodge of the noted chieftain, "Sitting Bull", well knowing the public would feel interested in the historic sage, his reminiscences, opinions and thoughts on the current events of the day from an Indian standpoint. Being directed to a large tent, the entrance to which was carefully covered up, Mr. Halsey, the interpreter, who takes care of "Sitting Bull", came to a small opening in the tent and inquired what was wanted. On hearing the "open sesame" word, "the press", and seeing the ubiquitous reporter standing in a prayerful attitude outside, he courteously pulled the folds of the canvass aside and invited The News man in. "Sitting Bull" was not sitting on the writer's entrance, but stretched lazily out at full length on a comfortable shakedown of blankets and quilts and trying to woo the drowsy god. Mr. Halsey threw a collection of consonants at him and also at Mr. Crow Eagle, who lay beside him, and both gentlemen then came to a sitting posture. "Sitting Bull" smiled in his most amiable manner and taking a seat the writer commenced a conversation through the medium of the interpreter which will be in more readable form in a running narrative.

The old chief commenced by stating that he was now 50 years old, had two wives with him as also had his friend Crow Eagle. This individual had accompanied him in all his wanderings, and it seemed as though a "Damon and Pythias" affection existed between the two. The way Crow Eagle listened,

to Bull's conversation and the admiring glances he gave him every now and then conveyed an idea that he was that noted man's Boswell and if possible would take the golden words from his tongue as they poured forth so incomprehensibly. "The British," Sitting Bull said, treated his tribe well during the four years they spend in their territory. They always treated Indians better than the United States government and had less trouble in consequence. He thought President Cleveland ought to change all the Indian agents the same as he was doing with the postmaster and put better men in. The agent at the Standing Rock agency, Dakotah, where he belonged with his tribe, had treated the Indians pretty well, but he didn't like him because he behaved bad to him and kept him a prisoner for two years. On being asked to describe the Custer fight he smiled, grimly muttered to himself and then his eye brightened and countenance growing animated, he proceeded to depict to the interpreter the following account:

"The Indians, to the number of 5,000 or more, were quietly camping with their women busy at work and their papooses blaying around, when they were startled by the sound of firing of guns and they knew the whitemen were on them. The long haired white chief, as he called Custer, did not charge on them with his men on horseback, but dismounted some distance away and crept in on them and then commenced to shoot down the Indians, their squaws and children. The Indians supposed at first that there were more men attacking them than was actually the case, and in the words of the interpreter, quoting "Sitting Bull's" language "Indian found out either white man or Indian must die, so he fight and kill white men." It was not until nearly all of Custer's troops were killed that the Indians realized how few in number they were. He said the Indians didn't want to fight but had to do so or get killed themselves, and that Indians could fight good if needful. He was going back next month to his tribe at the Standing Rock agency, and would tell his people how many cities the whites lived in

how numerous they were and that there no use fighting them. He liked traveling around, never felt the cold and was now healthy and well. Before leaving the tent he showed the writer some fine bead work by his wives and handled with great care a sacred red feather which he called medicine. Leaving the old chief to return to his slumber the outside of the tent was reached and them "Buffalo Bill" himself was met. After a short but pleasant interview with the famous scout, in which he reiterated some of "Sitting Bull's" statements and mentioned that there were over 3,000 spectators present at the afternoon exhibition, The News man wended his way homeward, and the grist gathered was forthwith materialized into the above brief sketch.

CLIPPING FROM THE EVENING LEADER.

Grand Rapids, Saturday, September 12, 1885.

SITTING BULL

A Half Hour in the Tent of the Great Sioux Chief -- He Talks about the Campaign Against His People.

"Sago, Tatonka-i-yotanda, ne-Kat-a-Kush-e-stom a-che-Sioux wee-chasta ya tape."

"Sago! How! niche nah po taw!"

Yesterday afternoon, after the "Wild West" entertainment, Mr. Circle, the affable press agent of the combination, took a number of newspaper men in tow and guided them to the tepee in which Sitting Bull was holding a levee. The party comfortable filled the rude tent, and Mr. Houser, a very intelligent half-breed, was present to act as interpreter. Mr. Bull has so far succumbed to the enervating influences of civilization that he was smoking a cigaretter with evident enjoyment. He was seated in a reclining camp-chair with his feet curled under it, encased in beautiful moccasins of a pretty design. He wore a pair of dark woolen trousers, a vest of fancy pattern, a "biled" shirt, with a pair of gaudy sleeve-buttons at the wristbands, and a tawny silk scarf around his neck. The scarf was pinned in front with a gold pin which have been improved with a little soap and water judiciously applied. He had a large cheap, prize package cameo ring on the third finger of his right hand, and a brass chain and crucifix encircled his neck. His features are of massive proportions, of a deep brindle tinge, almost of a copper hue, and the effect was heightened by a layer of red ocher laid on with a liberal hand. His hair is long and glossy, jet black, and braided in long scalp locks, the two main plaits hanging down into his lap, the ends being trimmed with otter skin. The general expression of the face indicated good nature, latent fierceness, great firmness of character, considerable savage curiosity, much craftiness,

and great intelligence. He looked something like the portraits of Daniel Webster and he appeared a statesman every inch. Taken all together as he received his guests in the tepee yesterday afternoon, he was as mild mannered a man as ever cut a throat or scalped a helpless woman. Above his head were hung his crown of eagle feathers mingled with owl plumes, an Indian medicine bag, said to be the most complete thing of the kind in existence, several bows and arrows and other articles of interest and value to Indian Chieftains. Relining on a blanket beside the warrior was Crow Eagle, his first lieutenant, a man Friday and boom companion. The two are inseparable. Mr. Eagle's countenance indicates more of the savage and less intelligence than the Bull, and his countenance was also was hidden by a coat of red paint. He was getting all the comfort possible out of a cigarette. A third Indian occupied a chair near by, and he grunted his gratitude when a representative of The Evening Leader passed him a cigarette case containing several rolls. Through the interpreter the visitors chatted with Mr. Bull for half an hour or more. The answers were given in a deep down-cellars cyclone-pit-voice, buggeral in the extreme and freely interspersed with significant gestures. He seemed willing to respond and pleased to give an audience to his visitors. An old lady in the party puffed herself in the front and gazed long and earnestly at the Indian King with an expression on her face as if she would like to ask after the condition of his mortal soul. When the novelty of the things had worn off the visitors departed, leaving the three Indians and the interpreter alone in the tepee. When they left, Sitting Bull, Crow Eagle, and the other Indian extended their hands and exclaimed, "How! How!"

Later in the day the representative of The Leader, for whom even yet the sight of the nice, plump puppy has the pleasurable sensation known as watering of the mouth, through his experience with the Indians in years gone by, saluted the chieftain with the phrase quoted above, which can

be transformed into English as "Good day, Sitting Bull, I welcome the celebrated chieftain of the Sioux." "Good day, how are you; com in," was the response. The old Indian's anstere countenance lighted up with a smile of welcome and gratification at hearing the accents of his people so far from hative heath, and his smile was visible even through the quarter of an inch of red ochre, which covered his features. Without ceremony the newspaper man took a reclining position on a pile of blankets beside the Indians. They had abandoned the enervating cigarette, and Mr. Bull was struggling with a dignified demeanor and a big cigar, which somebody had given him. The results were not satisfactory, and Crow Eagle, noticing his chieftain's dissatisfaction, produced a long wooden pipe and filled it with strong, peculiar smelling tobacco. Lighting it, he took a whiff or two, then passed it to Mr. Bull, who took a few whiffs and then passed it to the reporter, who in turn passed it to the third Indian. The pipe circulated at a lively rate around the ring, and when burned out it was replenished by Crow Eagle from a long stocking. After the preliminary salutations and greetings were exchanged, and the pipe had been circulating for some time, the conversation was brought around to personal matters. The language was sententious, expressive and deliberate. The reporter's "Injun" was not sufficiently well developed to be serviceable, and the interpreter tendered his assistance.

"I am 50 years years of age," said Sitting Bull . "My father's name was Jumping Bull, and he was chief of the Sioux. When 14 years of age I went on my first warpath against a neighboring tribe. I distinguished myself for my bravery. My father, on my return, called me before the tribe and gave me the name of Sitting Bull. He gave away four horses to poor braves when he christened me. My father's name means a strong man; my own signifies that I am a powerful rider. My father died 23 years ago and I became chief of my tribe. My mother died last year in her 70th year. I

have 5,000 people in my tribe, with headquarters at Standing Rock agency, Dakota."

"What does the Sioux chieftain think of the palefaces?"

"They are a great people, as numerous as the flies that follow the buffalo. The Indian cannot fight them. The palefaces want the earth, the corn, the tree, the sky. Indian only want wide prairie, where he can live in peace and safety, where he shall not be disturbed, and where he can die. Indian only want justice. Paleface feel kind, and will do us right."

"Did you visit the great father at Washington?"

"Tanka, the great father is good. He order cattle man off our lands and protects us. Cattle man steal our horses and cattle and kill our game, and leave us to starve and die or fight. They rented land to two treacherous chiefs who had no right to do it. The great father is good and we will remember him."

"Why did you leave your people in the far west to visit the land of the palefaces?"

"To learn the way of the whites and teach my people how to live better. I go back in four weeks and tell my people what I have seen. They will not go on the war path again. I have learned much. Indian must keep quiet or die. The great father must protect us and give us justice."

"What was the cause of the war when Custer was killed?"

The old Chieftain clanced warningly at the interlocuter, shook his finger and muttered a few words below his breath and then proceeded:

"Palefaces found gold on my land in the Black Hills. They drove us away as they would dogs. They killed my people and stold our horses. I fought for my people. My people said I was right. I will always answer to my people. The friend of the deal palefaces must andwer for those who are dead."

"Was the fight at the Little Big Horn going on when you got there?"

The kings of the Sioux again looked fierce. His eyes glistened momentarily, and stern lines appeared on his face before he answered.

"Yes, we were in camp with our squaws and children. Custer came over the divide and saw us. He charged. We surrounded him. He was killed with all his men. He intended killing us. We had 4,000 warriors and 6,000 or 7,000 women and children in the camp. I had 600 warriors and 207 died with Custer. The camp was four or five miles long, all in the valley of the Little Big Horn. We did what any race would have done. Custer intended to kill us and our children. He had only a handful of men. He was rash. He could not see his nose."

"Who killed Custer?"

"Nobody knows. Everybody fired at him. He was a brave warrior, but he made a mistake. No one could tell who hit him. The young men and squaws honored him as a great warrior. They did not scalp him. I don't like talking of that."

Sitting Bull has a family of three wives and several children. His son, ages 19 years, will succeed to the head of the tribe when the old man dies.

Mr. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," in speaking with an Evening Leader representative, said he never had any trouble with the Indians in the company -- they are much easier to manage than so many whites. They never quarrell among themselves, and will not go out of their way to seek trouble. Mr. Cody says the whole secret of treating with the Indians is to be honest with them and do as you agree. Sitting Bull has been on the road since June, and will return to the reservation in about four weeks. "This trip will be conducive of great good I think", said Mr. Cody last evening. "It has given the chief an idea of the odds he has to fight against when he wars with the whites. He sees that his whole nation would be wiped out in no time, and will govern himself and his people accordingly. I secured

the permission of the government to take the Indians from the reservation,
and I pay them good salaries. They send the money home to their people.
A government agent travels with us to act as a sort of guardian of the
country's wards."

CLIPPING FROM THE HERALD.

Grand Rapids, Saturday, September 12, 1885.

SITTING BULL

"The Herald" Interviews the Great Chief and Ascertains His Position
Toward the Whites.

The history of Sitting Bull is well known and needs no repetition here. The red faced chieftain is a great brave, hence interest is manifested in the distinguished delegate from the far west. He arrived in this city yesterday with the Wild West show and during the day he was called upon by a large number of the representative men of the city. Through the courtesy of Ben Circle, press agent of the exhibition, and Paul C. Blinn, special government agt., who was the warrior and his followers under his supervision The Herald was permitted to interview the chieftain, the questions and answers being repeated by the interpreter, Wm. Nalsey. Being asked several questions he answered substantially as follows: "How -- Me heap much like show and go on cars. Good time, see heaps men, see big house, big people, much great country. New father (Cleveland) ugh, big chief, friend to Bull and the redman. Hear my story, white man much big steal, say get out, Indian much big man here, you in the way. Good man, I go wigwam with my braves and squaws, tell heap big, great country, heap brave whiteman, he like me. Many people call on me every day." The chieftain occupied a conical tent upon the grounds, while seated about him on rugs and skins are his braves, Crow Eagle and Fool Fender. Sitting Bull is rather good looking, has an open countenance and clear eye and at first glance would be taken for a squaw. He was attired in black flowing pants, wore a checked vest and his white shirt was allowed to hang outside his other garments. A blanket was thrown about his shoulders and he puffed a cigarette, and to the greetings of visitors vouchsafed nothing but "How." His people, he

says, desire him to remain chief during his lifetime. He is now 56 years of age -- and at his death have promised that one of his sons shall be chosen as his successor.

CUTTING FROM THE ST. LOUIS CRITIC

St. Louis, Saturday, Oct. 5, 1885.

SITTING BULL

Chat With the Famous Chief and His Partner, Crow Eagle

An Unusual Gathering in the Southern Hotel Parlor Yesterday

There was an exceedingly interesting group gathered in the parlour of the Southern hotel yesterday afternoon. On one of the rich divans was seated the famous Indian chief, Sitting Bull; on his left was his "right hand man", Crow Eagle, who sat on the right of William Halsey, the half-breed Sioux interpreter. Then ranged in front of this trio were: Buffalo Bill, General E. A. Carr, commandant at Jefferson barracks, and one of the most famous Indian fighters in the United States army; John H. Burke, (Arizona John), manager; Paul Blum, special agent of the government, in charge of Sitting Bull and Crow Eagle; Ben Cirkle, Buffalo Bill's press agent, and a Republican reporter. Here were two Indians who were eagerly sought for by the United States troops several years ago, and opposite them sat Gen. Carr, whom they looked upon then as their deadliest enemy, and Buffalo Bill, who acted as guide to Gen. Carr in his chase for Sitting Bull and his followers. Had Gen. Carr overtaken the object of his search then, the meeting at the Southern hotel yesterday would have been prevented. He had evidently no desire to dig up the hatchet and shook hands cordially with the Bull and the Eagle, but there was a coolness on their part which indicated that they did not feel kindly toward the man who had interfered with their fun years ago. But they have retired from the cheerful, exhilarating vocation of scalp-raising, have become wards of the government and have adopted temporarily the show business as a means of livelihood.

The government has generously given Buffalo Bill the privilege of showing

Sitting Bull and Crow Eagle to the public, and they will be seen with the Wild West show at Sportsman's park to-day.

The lithographs on the show-windows throughout the city present a very faithful likeness of Sitting Bull. His face resembles a New England pumpkin pie that has the proper color and has several irregular indentations and elevation in it, which pass for nose, eyes, mouth, etc. His aide-de-camp, Crow Eagle, may be good, but he is not handsome. He has a long harrow, molasses-coloured face of the "hatchet" variety, which looks as if he might have used it to cut kindling wood with and "nicked" the edge of a stone. He has a habit of looking furtively around as if he wanted something to eat and was ashamed to ask for it. As he can speak no English he had nothing to say yesterday, but filled in the time by holding his hands together and looking hungry. He was dressed in moccasins, a heavy red blanket and a white shirt that someone had loaned him. The shirt was not his own for on the bosom tab were the initials "W. F. C." in old English. On his left breast he wore a "buck-number" badge made of red ribbon and gold fringe, which had been given him by a member of the reception committee of the Order of Buffaloes of Philadelphia during his late visit to that city. Although he, perhaps, felt that this entitled him to special attention there were no traces of conscious superiority in his manner. He had a silk handkerchief about his neck, confined in front by a cheap scarf pin, and in the back of his head was stuck a single turkey feather.

Sitting Bull was similarly attired, except he had a knit jacket over his shirt and a pair of dollar-store sleeve buttons in the cuffs and A HANDSOME CAUCO RING

on the third finger of his right hand. His hair was plaited in two braids which were covered with strips of other skin and hung forward over his shoulders. He, too, had a turkey feather stuck at the back of his head. The report attempted to interview him through the interpreter but without

any very satisfactory results. He said, according to the interpreter, that he was very much pleased with the country, but did not say whether he'd buy it or not. He had no idea that there were so many white people in the world as he had seen during his trip with the Wild West show. Before he came East he had a sort of vague, undefined idea that there were other white people in the world beside those he had seen in Dakota and British America, but he never expected to see as many as he had seen.

"When we were in Washington," said Mr. Burke, "Sitting Bull had been looking at the crowds on the streets and the public buildings when, suddenly he remarked to the interpreter: "I wish I'd known this when I was a boy." He seemed to be very much impressed by the vast numbers of people he saw and the great buildings in the large cities. He saw President Cleveland and had a conference with Secretary Bayard and Secretary Lamar and left a letter for the president, telling him something about the conditions of the Indians at the Standing Rock agency."

"He and Crow Eagle," said the interpreter, "were very much pleased with their reception by the great father."

In the course of the conversation Sitting Bull told the interpreter that in 1862 he was employed at Fort Barthold by a man named Cereaux in buying furs for the fur company in which Mr. Pierre Chouteau was interested.
~~HE HAD NEVER HEARD MR. CHOUTEAU,~~

but had often heard him spoken of. He was engaged as he was influential among the Indians and could make good trades for furs. He said that he worked two years for trader at Fort Barthold, but that the famous trader failed to pay him as he agreed to and he quit.

While this conversation was in progress a tall, gracefull young lady with a strikingly beautiful face and engaging manner, entered the room. She was attired in a tailor-made suit of rich, light-brown material, and she bore an air of refinement indicative of an elevated social position.

she was introduced as Miss Arta Cody, the daughter of Buffalo Bill. The famous scout looked upon her with an expression of the tenderest affection mingled with evident pride.

"She's her father's idol," whispered Mr. Burke to the reporter, "and I doubt whether he could live without her. She is now about 17 years old and it's a fact that she was born in a tent and will now soon graduate at the leading female seminary in Chicago."

"Not exactly in a tent," interrupted Gen. Carr, "but in what they called a 'dug-out' a house build to slabs and sod. It was near Fort McPherson. I remember her well and we used to ask her what ~~her name~~ was, 'Arty Toady' she'd say in the cutest way imaginable."

"It don't seem possible," said Mr. Burke musingly. "Why, when I saw that tall, beautiful girl, almost a woman, I said to myself, 'old man you're getting to be a grand father.' Why it don't seem more than a year ago that she was a little bit of doll not more than so high."

Sitting Bull and Crow Eagle expressed themselves as highly pleased with the show business; they enjoyed the traveling and the seeing of so many different cities andso many people; but they were beginning to get a little tired of so much noise and bustle and found themselves longing for the fresh air of the prairie; the grand romantic scenery of the mountains and the quiet and smoke and fields of their native wigwams.

CLIPPING FROM THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE DEMOCRAT

Saturday Morning, October 3, 1885.

THE WILD WEST

Buffalo Bill's Wild West will give their inaugural performance at Sportsman's Park this afternoon at 3'clock and continue during the entire Fair week. The Wild West scored a success here early in the spring, and since then it has traveled throughout the East and Canada. While at Montreal Mr. Cody (Buffalo Bill) was presented with an address, signed by the Mayor, City Council and members of Parliament, thanking him for bringing such vivid scenes of the wild West to their doors. Since appearing here a number of new features have been added to the show, the latest addition being the renowned Sioux Chief, Sitting Bull, his entire staff of chiefs and additional buffalos. In an interview with the Globe-Democrat reporter last evening Sitting Bull made the following statement through his interpreter Wm. Halsey, a half-breed:

"I like the show business very well. But most every day now I think of my wives and children, and I want to see them. I had a daughter born three weeks ago. I think I will go back to my home at Standing Rock Agency, Dakota, after the engagement in St. Louis is over. I was in Washington last July. I liked the big white chief very well. I am well pleased with all the people. I have been in Canada and the States. The ladies and children shook hands with me and that made me glad. The white people are so many if every Indian in the West killed one every step they took the dead would not be missed among you, there are so many. When I came away I didn't want my children to go to school. But now I want them to be educated like the white children are. I have eleven children and two wives. That is all I want to say."

Clipping from the OHIO STATE JOURNAL, Columbus, Ohio.

THE WILD WEST

Visit of Colonel Offley and Officers to Sitting Bull Yesterday.

The noted guide and scout, Buffalo Bill, and his large troupe of Indians, cowboys, buffalo, etc., arrived in the city Saturday night, and went to the Fair grounds to camp, though Mr. Cody and his agents took quarters at the American house. Sitting Bull, of course, could never be content in the narrow limits of a hotel, so he took his quarters with his chiefs at the Fair grounds. Full 5000 people went out to see the party yesterday. Among them were Lieutenant Colonel Offley, commandant at the Barracks and a number of his officers. Mr. Cody had had the toughest kind of experience on the plains in company with some of the officers now at the Barracks, and he was overjoyed to meet them again. Sitting Bull had also been with some of them as a prisoner of war, and he also recognized them. Going up to Lieutenant McMartin, he said to his interpreter something which was translated: "This is the young man who rolled cigarettes for me at Fort Randall," which was quite interesting to the bystanders, although it was not exactly the kind of speech which was expected from a child of nature and a ferocious barbarian, inasmuch as cigarettes are considered as being an institution exclusive to effete civilization. The following letter was written by Commandant Offley, and will settle in the minds of all any doubt as to the genuineness of the great chief:

Hon. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)

I take great pleasure in stating that I visited your camp at the Fair grounds, together with some of my officers, and we one and all recognize Sitting Bull as the original and only "Bull" that was in the Custer fight. I had a good talk with him. Two of my officers had "Bull" in charge when a prisoner at Forts Yates and Randall.

R. H. Offley,
Lt. Col. 17th Inf't Commanding Columbus Barracks.

The company will make a street parade this morning, and the first entertainment will be given this afternoon.

CLIPPING FROM THE ST. LOUIS SUNDAY SAYINGS.

Sunday Morning, October 4, 1885.

Sitting Bull, Crow chief, Gen. Carr, of the Barracks, Buffalo Bill, Capt. Burke, Mr. Circle and the Sayings reporter formed a circle in the parlors of the Southern hotel.

The meeting between the famous Sioux warrior and Gen. Carr was of peculair interest, cince the last time they met was in a skirmish in the Black Hills country. Gen. Carr chased him for four years, and many a Sioux brave did Sitting Bull lose in the war.

The two veterans shook hands, the Indian barely acknowledging by a nod of his head that he recognized his former opponent.

"The Indian feels no resentment against a great foeman," said Buffalo Bill afterwards, "he admires bravery and excellence even in an enemy, and as Gen. Carr was one of

THE GREATEST INDIAN FIGHTERS

of his day, Sitting Bull remembers him without hatred."

Gen. Carr refrained from allusions to old campaigns, and Sitting Bull being a man of few words, replied in monosyllables. He impressed the listener as a man of extraordinary firmness and will power and he has the Indian's grave repose to the unusual degree.

Crow Chief, his lieutenant, who always accompanies him. although a typical Indian, presents a great contrast to his stalwart form and impressive massive face.

"The wigwam is a better place for the red man," Sitting Bull said in answer to the reporter's question. "He is sick of the houses and the noises and the multitudes of men. Sitting Bull longs for his wives and children. When he goes out to the show the white men gather around him. They stare at him. They point fingers at him. He likes to be alone or among his people. Traveling is interesting and it pleases Sitting Bull, but the forest is better and his family pleases him more."

"Does Sitting Bull remember Stanley Huntly, the newspaper correspondent." The reporter asked the interpreter. The chief shook his head then he said:

"A great many Americans visited me in my camp, but I cannot remember their talks. Some were light, frivolous men, some were bad men. I know not any of them, not this man you speak of. They were all the same to me. They talked much but to my ears it was like the noise of the water, which man cannot stop."

"The Indian," explained Mr. Cody, "is too grave for the newspaper correspondent. His thoughts do not run so rapidly, and he does not like a long interview.

At this moment Capt. Burke asked Sitting Bull if he would like to go to the Exposition but he entered

AN EPITATIC PROTEST,

being opposed to the crowd which would stare at him.

He will probably return to his tribe after the present engagement in St. Louis, as he is rather homesick. He has two wives, one old, the other young. By them he has eleven children, the last one only three weeks old, born during his absence. This is a source of grief to him, as he likes to be around on such interesting occasions.

General Sherman visited him yesterday at the camp at Sportman's park and han an intersting interview.

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"SITTING BULL.

THE GREAT MEDICINE MAN OF THE DACOTAHs

By H. Beaugrand

"Now that the Indian scare is over and that Sitting Bull has been put out of the way -- some say that he was justly executed, and others that he was simply murdered -- it may not be uninteresting for those who have met the dead chief to compare notes and relate their impressions.

"My meeting with Sitting Bull was purely accidental, and I must acknowledge that there was nothing particularly heroic in the appearance of the great medicine man, when I saw him in Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" show in Montreal, Canada, in the summer of 1885. Cody and Saulsbury had just organized their traveling exhibition of Indian and cowboy life on the prairies, and they had succeeded in securing the reputed leader of the Sioux in the Custer massacre as their leading attraction. I say "reputed" leader, because it is now well known that Sitting Bull, although on the ground, was not actually engaged in the fight of the Little Big Horn, and had absolutely nothing to do in bringing it about. The old chief himself has always most emphatically denied any participation in the battle, and Captain Charles King, in his account of the fight recognizes the fact that Rain-in-the-face was the war chief of the Dacotahs who led the Indians in their defense against the gallant but indiscreet charge of the Seventh cavalry. Sitting Bull, nevertheless, became widely known as the man who defeated and exterminated the brave Custer and his followers, and his name, associated with that of Buffalo Bill himself, was sufficient to

draw thousands of persons to the exotic encampment of the "Wild West." It was evident that the old chief was a good "card," although Cody himself never seemed to have a very exalted opinion of the warlike merits of Sitting Bull.

"I was at the time mayor of Montreal, and I had received a special invitation to "dine" with some friends in Sitting Bull's tepee. Adirondack Murray, who at that time resided in Montreal, was one of the party of five or six who sat or rather squated down at the Indian feast. While the public flocked to see the cowboys, vaqueros and the bucking bronchos, our interest was concentrated in Sitting Bull; and when the repast was over, we had quite a long conversation with the old chief through a French half-breed interpreter, who was a perfect master of the Sioux language. Outside of his prosaic avocation as a showman, Sitting Bull preserved the dignity and the meditative seriousness of his race, and at first restricted himself to grunting yes or no to our -- I must confess it -- rather indiscreet questions. But he became a little more communicative when I addressed him personally in French. He understood the language fairly well, having learned it from the missionaries and the half-breeds who visited his camp when he had been driven into Canada, with his people, after the Custer massacre."

"I can vouch for the accuracy of Adirondack Murray's statement in the New York World, when in answer to his inquiry, he makes Sitting Bull respond vehemently: 'They tell you I murdered Custer. It is a lie. I am not a war chief. I was not in the battle that day. His eyes were blinded that he could not see. He was a fool and he rode to his death. He made the fight not I.'

Whoever tells you I killed the Yellow Hair is a liar.' And the chief tossed his head impatiently so as to dismiss a subject that evidently annoyed him; but he was getting interested, and we soon had him talking earnestly about the Sioux and the treatment that they received at the hands of the United States government. He spoke slowly and deliberately of the wrongs that had been heaped upon his people, by the lawless element who had invariably formed the vanguard of civilization in the settlement of the Northwestern country. He complained that the whites had never kept their word with the Indians and had robbed them systematically of all they possessed, commencing by their lands and ending by the wholesale destruction of the buffaloes, which formed from time immemorial, their only means of sustenance. He would say nothing against the soldiers who fought bravely but who were sent to uphold wicked people who were continually encroaching upon the rights of the Indians, and who never missed an occasion of shooting them down.

"I then introduced to Sitting Bull two Indian chiefs of the Iroquois and Abenakis tribes, who had come from their neighboring reservations at Caughnawaya and St. Francis to see the great chief of the Sioux nation. Sitting Bull received them kindly but had to speak to them through the interpreter, their languages having no analogy with that of the Sioux. To the Iroquois he said:

"'My fathers met your fathers in battle. Long, long ago, they fought together, when your fathers attempted to invade our lands on the great river -- the Mississippi. There was a big fight, and your fathers went back to their wigwams after having found their masters.'

"To the chief of the Abenakis he offered his right hand and

said: 'You are of the Abenakis. They are our forefathers and the forefathers of all red men. They were the men of the Dawn. They came from the east. They were born in the morning of the world. The traditions of my people are full of the Abenakis. They rocked the cradles of our race.'

"Both these answers are founded on historical facts. The Abenakis came from the extreme east of the North American continent and inhabited in early days the territory comprised now by the state of Maine and by the Canadian province of New Brunswick. The reports of a big battle on the Mississippi river, between the Sioux and the Iroquois, is also of historical record and is found in the letters of the Baron de La Hontan, a French officer who visited the upper Mississippi over two hundred years ago and who wrote in 1689. The narration of the battle is sufficiently characteristic of the period to be of interest, corroborating the exactness of Sitting Bull's reminiscenses. Here is a literal translation of it:

" We arrived on the second of March, 1688, to the river Mississippi, which we found more rapid than on the occasion of our first visit, on account of the rain and melting snows. The swift current saved us the labor of paddling down. On the tenth day we came to an island known as L'ile aux Rencontres -- Meeting Island. The name comes from the fact that a battle took place on that island between 400 Iroquois warriors and 300 Na-doues-sioux or Sioux. This is how the thing happened: The Iroquois, who were on the war-path, were paddling up the river, when they perceived, on the opposite side, a fleet of canoes floating down

with the current. The Iroquois immediately crossed to the island and the Sioux hastened to join them. Both parties landed on opposite sides of the island and commenced to question one another on their respective errands: /

"Who are you?" cried the Iroquois.

"Sioux," answered the others, "and who are you?"

"Iroquois, on the war-path! and whither are you going?"

"We are looking for buffaloes," answered the Sioux, "and whom are you seeking?"

"We are looking for men," shouted the Iroquois with their usual bravado.

"Well, we are men," answered the Sioux warriors, "and you do not need to look any farther."

And both parties got ready for the fight. The head chief of the Sioux hastened to his bark canoes and crushed them down with his tomahawk, saying to his men that flight was out of the question and that they must vanquish or die. He then led the attack and they rushed upon the Iroquois. They were received with a shower of arrows that killed eighty of their number, but the Sioux used their war clubs to advantage and fought with such fury that they killed 260 Iroquois and captured the remainder. Not a man escaped. A few Iroquois tried to rush to their canoes, but they were pursued and drowned before they could effect their flight. After the fight, the Sioux picked out two prisoners among the strongest and fleetest of the survivors and, after having cut their ears and noses, set them at liberty, gave them arms and bid them go back to their country and tell their companions not to send any more women to hunt up warriors.'-- (La Hontan: Vol I, letter 26; May 28th, 1689).

"We continued our conversation with Sitting Bull, and we did not only find in him an eloquent and well informed speaker, but also a logician of no small merit. He was undoubtedly a man of unusual abilities and we did not wonder at his influence over his people.

"After having thanked him for his kind and courteous reception, we presented him and the other Indians of the camp with a special kind of tobacco raised and cured in Canada by the farmers and known as 'farmer's twist.' They were quite delighted with it, // Me / because they had been used to it in the Northwest, where the half-breeds cultivate and smoke it.

"I have seen the 'Wild West' show since then, in Paris, but Sitting Bull was not in it. He had returned to his tepee and to his people in Dakota. Every one is familiar with the circumstances of his death.

"His followers, the Sioux, calling themselves Dacotahs, were originally known to the first French explorers as far back as 1640. Duluth, Hennepin and Perrot first wrote of them as Sioux, which is a diminutive of the word Na-doues-sioux in the Otipchipwa tongue, signifying enemies and being applied by the Otipchipwas both to the Iroquois of the east and the Dacotahs of the west, with whom they were constantly at war. Lescure visited them and lived with them (1688-99) and later on Varennes de la Verandrye, a French officer accompanied only by his four sons, crossed the entire Sioux country and planted the French flag on a peak of the eastern range of the Rocky Mountains, without having suffered at all from interference at the hands of the aborigines.

"The Sioux were then, as they are now, divided in many tribes: The Tetons, Brules, Yanktonais, Ogallalas, Onkapapas and Sicunes, which were again sub-divided as Sans Arcs, Lower Brules, Assiniboines, etc.

"Their language is evidently of the same origin as the dialects of the Pawnees, Osages and Crows; and even the Comanches of New Mexico speak a tongue that strongly resembles theirs.

"All the first explorers speak of the Sioux as brave, active, and friendly to the whites, but it seems that the advance of civilization has changed all those characteristics, and that today the majority of the western people firmly believe in the inhuman axiom that 'the only good Indian is the dead Indian.'

"I do not intend to speak of the recent troubles in Dakota, because I am not sufficiently familiar with their primary causes to speak of them with authority. I will merely quote a few lines from a western paper, The Denver Republican, that seems, to me, to contain the whole question in a nut shell:

"Some army officers/~~were~~ weighed some beef issued to the Indians and paid for at the rate of 1,132 pounds per head. The real weight was less than 400 pounds, and very bony at that. This was only one-fourth rations. Suppose our butchers served us in the same way. How long would it be before we had a ghost dance?"

"Sitting Bull had not even taken any part in the dance, when he was arrested in his tent, among his wives and children, and shot down in cold blood by paid Indian scouts, when he attempted to escape."

Wood - pp.466-475:

Besides the commission appointed by the Government at least two enterprising Chicago papers sent reporters all the way to Canada to interview the Indian sphinx of the Northwest. These interviews took place at Fort Walsh, in the presence of Major Walsh, who seems to have been a prime favorite with SB and all his followers. In the first one, it is stated:

"At the appointed time, half-past eight, the lamps were lighted and the most mysterious Indian chieftain who ever flourished in North America was ushered in. There he stood, his blanket rolled back, his head upreared, his right moccasin put forward, his right hand thrown across his chest. I arose and approached him, holding out both hands.

He grasped them cordially. 'How!' said he, 'How!' At this time he was clad in a black and white calico shirt, black cloth leggins and moccasins, magnificently embroidered with beads and porcupine quills. He held in his left hand a foxskin cap, its brush drooping to his feet; with the dignity and grace of a natural gentleman he had removed it from his head at the threshold. His eyes gleamed like black diamonds. His visage, devoid of paint, was noble and commanding; nay, it was something more. Besides the Indian character given to it by high cheek-bones, a broad, retreating forehead, a prominent, aquiline nose and a jaw like a bull-dog's, there was about the mouth something of beauty, but more an expression of exquisite irony. Such a mouth and such eyes as this Indian's, if seen in the countenance of a white man would appear to denote qualities similar to those which animated the career of Mazarin. Yet there was something wondrously sweet in his smile as he extended to me his hands.

"Such hands! They felt as small and soft as a maiden's, but when I pressed them I could feel the sinews beneath the flesh quivering hard

like a wild animal's. I led him to a seat, a lounge set against the wall, on which he sat with indolent grace. Major Walsh, brilliant in red uniform, sat beside him, and a portable table was brought near. Two interpreters brought near. Two interpreters brought chairs and seated themselves, and at a neighboring desk the stenographer took his place. I afterward learned that two Sioux chiefs stood on guard outside the door, and that all the Indians in the fort had their arms ready to spring in case of a suspected treachery. On the previous night two of the Indians had been taken suddenly ill, and their sickness had been ascribed by some warriors to poison. So restless and anxious were all the savages that nothing but the influence and tact of Major Walsh could have procured for me and your readers the following, indeed, historical, colloquy with this justly famous Indian.

"I turned to the interpreter and said, 'Explain again to SB that he is with a friend.' The interpreter explained. 'Banee' said the chief, holding out his hand again and pressing mine.

"Major Walsh here said: 'Sitting Bull is in the best mood now that you could possibly wish. Proceed with your questions and make them as logical as you can. I will assist you and trip you up occasionally if you are likely to irritate him.'

"Then the dialogue went on. I give it literally:

"'You are a great chief,' said I to SB, 'but you live behind a cloud. Your face is dark, my people do not see it. Tell me, do you hate the Americans very much?'

"A gleam of fire shot across his face.

"'I am no chief.'

"This was precisely what I expected. It will dissipate at once the erroneous idea which has prevailed that SB is either a chief or a warrior.

"'What are you?'

"'I am,' said he, crossing both hands upon his chest, slightly nodding, and smiling satirically, 'a man.'

"'What does he mean?' I inquired, turning to Major Walsh. 'He means,' responded the major, 'to keep you in ignorance of his secret if he can. His position among his bands is anomalous. His own tribe, the Uncpapas, are not all in fealty to him. Parts of nearly twenty different tribes of Sioux, besides a remnant of the Uncpapas, abide with him. So far as I have learned, he rules over these fragments of tribes, which compose his camp of twenty-five hundred, including between eight hundred and nine hundred warriors, by sheer compelling force of intellect and will. I believe that he understands nothing particularly of war or military tactics, at least not enough to give him the skill or the right to command warriors in battle. He is supposed to have guided the fortunes of several battles, including the fight in which Custer fell. That supposition, as you will presently find, is particularly erroneous. His word was always potent in the camp or in the field, but he has usually left to the war-chiefs the duties appertaining to engagements. When the crisis came he gave his opinion, which was accepted as law.'

"'What was he then?' I inquired, continuing this momentary dialogue with Major Walsh. 'Was he, is he, a mere medicine man?'

"'Don't for the world,' replied the major, 'intimate to him, in the questions you are about to ask him, that you have derived the idea from me, or from any one, that he is a mere medicine man. He would deem that a profound insult. In point of fact he is a medicine man, but a far greater, more influential medicine man than any savage I have ever known. He has constituted himself a ruler. He is a unique power among

the Indians. To the warriors, his people, he speaks with the authority of a Robert Peel, to their chiefs with that of a Richelieu. This does not really express the extent of his influence, for behind Peel and Richelieu there were traitors and in front of them were factions. SB has no traitors in his camp; there are none to be jealous of him. He does not assert himself over strongly. He does not interfere with the rights or duties of others. His power consists in the universal confidence which is given to his judgment, which he seldom denotes until he is asked for an expression of it. It has been, so far, so accurate, it has guided his people so well, he has been caught in so few mistakes and he has saved even his ablest and oldest chiefs from so many evil consequences of their own misjudgment, that to-day his word among them all is wroth more than the united voices of the rest of the camp. He speaks; they listen and they obey. Now let us hear what his explanation will be?

"You say you are no chief?" "No!" with considerable hauteur.

"Are you a head soldier?" "I am nothing - neither a chief nor a soldier." "What, nothing?" "Nothing."

"What, then, makes the warriors of your camp, the great chiefs who are here along with you, look up to you so, Why do they think so much of you?" SB's lips curled with a proud smile. "Oh, I used to be a kind of a chief: but the Americans made me go away from my father's hunting ground,"

"You do not love the Americans?" You should have seen this savage's lips. "I saw to-day that all the warriors around you clapped their hands and cried out when you spoke. What you said appeared to please them. They liked you. They seemed to think that what you said was right for them to say. If you are not a great chief, why do

these men think so much of you?"

"AT this, SB, who had in the meantime been leaning back against the wall, assumed a posture of mingled toleration and disdain.

"Your people look up to men because they are rich: because they have much land, many lodges, many squaws,' 'Yes.'

"Well, I suppose my people look up to me because I am poor. That is the difference.' In this answer was concentrated all the evasiveness natural to an Indian.

"What is your feeling toward the Americans now?" He did not even deign an answer. He touched his hip, where his knife was.

"I asked the interpreter to insist on an answer.

"Listen,' said SB, not changing his posture, but putting his right hand out upon my knee. 'I told them today what my notions were - that I did not want to go back there. Every time that I had any difficulty with them they struck me first. I want to live in peace.'

"Have you an implacable enmity to the Americans? Would you live with them in peace if they allowed you to do so; or do you think you can only obtain peace here?' 'The White Mother is good.'

"Better than the Great Father?" "Hough!" And then, after a pause, SB continued: 'They (the Commissioners) asked me to-day to give them my horses. I bought my horses and they are mine. I bought them from men who came up the Missouri in Mackinaws. They do not belong to the Government, neither do the rifles. The rifles are also mine. I bought them; I paid for them. Why I should give them up, I do not know. I will not give them up.'

"Do you really think, do your people believe that it is wise to reject the proffers that have been made to you by the United States

Commissioners? Do not some of you feel as if you were destined to lose your old hunting grounds? Don't you see that you will probably have the same difficulty in Canada that you have had in the United States?" "The White Mother does not lie."

"Do you expect to live here by hunting? Are there buffaloes enough? Can your people subsist on the game here?" "I don't know. I hope so."

"If not, are any part of your people disposed to take up agriculture? Would any of them raise steers and go to farming?" "I don't know."

"What will they do, then?" "As long as there are buffaloes that is the way we will live."

"But the time will come when there will be no more buffaloes." "Those are the words of an American."

"How long do you think the buffaloes will last?" SB arose. "We know," said he, extending his right hand with an impressive gesture, "that on the other side the buffaloes will not last very long. Why? Because the country over there is poisoned with blood - a poison that kills all the buffaloes or drives them away. It is strange," he continued, with his peculiar smile, "that the Americans should complain that the Indians kill buffaloes. We kill buffaloes, as we kill other animals, for food and clothing, and to make our lodges warm. They kill buffaloes for what? Go through your country. See the thousand of carcasses rotting on the plains. Your young men shoot for pleasure. All they take from a dead buffalo is his tail or his head, or his horns, perhaps, to show they have killed a buffalo. What is this? Is it robbery? You call us savages. What are they? The buffaloes have come north. We have come north to find them, and to get away from a place where the people tell lies."

"To gain time, and not to dwell importunately on a single point, I asked SB to tell me something of his early life. In the first place, where he was born, 'I was born on the Missouri River; at least I recollect that somebody told me so - I don't know who told me or where I was told of it.'

"'Of what tribe are you?' 'I am an Uncpapa.'

"'Of the Sioux?' 'Yes; of the great Sioux nation.'

"'Who was your father?' 'My father is dead.'

"'Is your mother living?' 'My mother lives with me in my lodge.'

"'Great lies are told about you. White men say that you lived among them when you were young; that you went to school; that you learned to write and read from books; that you speak English; that you know how to talk French?' 'It is a lie.'

"'You are an Indian?' (Proudly) 'I am a Sioux.'

"Then suddenly relaxing from his hauteur, SB began to laugh. 'I have heard,' he said, 'of some of these stories. They are all strange lies. What I am I am,' and here he leaned back and resumed his attitude and expression of barbaric grandeur. 'I am a man. I see, I know; I began to see when I was not yet born - when I was not in my mother's arms. It was then I began to study about my people. I studied about many things. I studied about the smallpox, that was killing my people - the great sickness that was killing my people - the great sickness that was killing the women and children. I was so interested that I turned over on my side. The Great Spirit must have told me at that time (and here he unconsciously revealed his secret), 'that I would be the man to be the judge of all the other Indians - a big man, to decide for them in all their ways.'

"'And you have since decided for them,' 'I speak. It is enough.'

"'Could not your people, whom you love so well, get on with the Americans?' 'No.!"

"'Why?' 'I never taught my people to trust Americans. I have told them the truth - that the Americans are great liars. I never dealt with the Americans. Why should I? The land belonged to my people. I say I never dealt with them - I mean I never treated with them in a way to surrender my people's rights. I traded with them, but I always gave full value for what I got. I never asked the United States Government to make me presents of blankets or cloth, or anything of that kind. The most I did was to ask them to send me an honest trader that I could trade with, and I proposed to give him buffalo robes and elkskins, and other hides in exchange for what we wanted. I told every trader who came to our camps that I did not want any favors from him - that I wanted to trade with him fairly and equally, giving him full value for what I got, but the traders wanted me to trade with them on no such terms. They wanted to give little and get much. They told me if I did not accept what they gave me in trade they would get the Government to fight me. I told them I did not want to fight.'

"'But you fought?' 'At last, yes; but not until I had tried hard to prevent a fight. At first my young men, when they began to talk bad, stole five American horses. I did not like this and was afraid something bad would come of it. I took the horses away from them and gave them back to the Americans. It did no good. By and by we had to fight.'"

The reporter now drew from the great leader his version of the Little Big Horn fight, and the death of Custer. But, as neither party to the dialogue were in the battle, this part of the interview must of necessity be the work of imagination and will not be quoted. It is impossible for any one to give an authentic description of a battle fought in his absence.